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Christianity and
Patriotism ❧ ❧ ❧ by
L. N. Tolstoy, translated by
Constance Garnett, with an
introduction by Edward Garnett



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Preface to First Edition

THE Franco-Russian celebrations in the October of last year, 1893, in France, aroused in me, as probably in many other people, at first a feeling of amusement, then of perplexity, then of indignation, to which I intended to give expression in a brief magazine article; but as I looked more and more deeply into the chief causes of this strange phenomenon, I arrived at the reflections which I now lay before the reader.

L. N. TOLSTOY, 1894.

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earlier, 1893, in "The Kingdom of God is within You," also a work of extraordinary force. And these and other arguments were reiterated by him to the year of his death in various essays and letters to the Press in astonishing variety. But for cogency and force he never surpassed "Christianity and Patriotism." Of course, his voice was powerless to stay the progress of the great European catastrophe, and to the young generation, the flower of European youth, sacrificed on the altar of the Balance of Power, 1914-18, Tolstoy was merely a great, misty name. Tolstoy's fame, indeed, was worldwide, but he had attacked the whole system of the State, Church, Christianity, Militarism, Capitalism, Industrialism, and Imperialism; and European society, while superficially applauding him from time to time, turned a deaf ear to his warnings.

This was made manifest during the Great War by the significant fact that Tolstoy's name was never mentioned.* He, the greatest of all nineteenth-century writers and spiritual forces, had died on November 22nd, 1910, and from the first week of August, 1914, the curtain of war, of war aims and feelings, rolled down, shutting off even the echoes of the great Russian's

* The only exception we remember was a controversy in the last year or so of the war between Mr. Aylmer Maude and the ex-Russian Correspondent of *The Times* in "*The Times Literary Supplement*."

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predictions and denunciations of the "false public opinion" long so assiduously propagated by the European Governments and the Press generally.

It was as though Tolstoy's warnings had been written in ink which faded before men's eyes when the Churches and the clergy of all the combatant States began blessing the cannons and the bayonets, and later the bombs and the land-mines and the poison gas. Christ was mobilized by all the Churches, but not Tolstoy.

It was, indeed, natural that Tolstoy, the great anti-militarist, should be ostracized. Even before his death, in the light of the rising sun of the Anglo-French-Russian Entente, a new school of writers in England was busy lavishing enthusiasm on all things Russian, from the Russian soul to Russian blouses. The virtues of the Russian *moujik* and of the Royal House of Romanov were being ingeniously intertwined in the panegyrics of English publicists and journalists. But Tolstoy, who had from the first poured scathing contempt on the conceit and vainglory of the German Emperor, William II., and his militarist prepossessions, at a time when English statesmen were coquetting with him and saw in Russia the enemy, had denounced the Russian autocracy with no less vigour. And so, naturally, Tolstoy's piercing invective, his prophetic indignation with all the shams, hypocrisies,

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and varnished lacquer that covered the worm-eaten wood of the political and social order, seemed, in the four years between his death and the European War, somehow to have become *vieux jeu*.

Suddenly the European volcano rumbled and went up in smoke and flame of war. The great Russian prophet had spoken truly. The whole scheme of ideas, political and patriotic, by which the deception of the peoples is made possible by their Governments, had opened before the nations a frightful abyss—an abyss into which whole countries and classes have since been hurled. The immunity Great Britain has enjoyed owing to her insular position from invading armies, from scenes of horror and desolation, of famine and bankruptcy that the afflicted peoples of the most unfortunate States have faced, with their black legacy to-day, may still veil from the British consciousness the extraordinary prophetic insight shown in "Christianity and Patriotism." But the logic of his conclusions is irrefutable:

"It is a terrible thing to say, but there is not, and there never has been, a combined act of violence by one set of people upon another set of people which has not been perpetrated in the name of patriotism. In the name of patriotism the Russians have waged war on the French and the French on the Russians. And in the name, too, of patriotism the Russians are now preparing with the French to make war on the Germans, and in the name of patriotism the Germans

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are preparing now to wage war on two fronts. But it is not only war—in the name of patriotism the Russians oppress the Poles and the Germans the Slavs; in the name of patriotism the Communards slaughtered the Versaillistes and the Versaillistes slaughtered the Communards” (p. 76).

Not that all Tolstoy’s conclusions were sound. He underrated, perhaps for argumentative reasons, the inherent vitality of Nationalism. Nationalism, as has been proven these last years, can act like a raging prairie fire, and when once the patriotic sentiments, prejudices, and fears of the average citizen have caught alight, the fire sweeps over everything, sustaining itself by them, obliterating the finer altruistic sense of human nature. The roots of Nationalism are not to be destroyed. In this respect, “the false public opinion” of which Tolstoy speaks is not so much false in its essence as in its proportions and dimensions. At the same time the Great War was only rendered possible through the automatic manufacture in every country of this “false public opinion,” which Tolstoy exposes with extraordinary skill in his account of the Franco-Russian celebrations in Toulon, 1893. (See also pp. 56-64.)

But we need not continue. The truth of Tolstoy’s contentions and arguments, if not of his indictment of patriotism, is now accepted by the public conscience of the civilized world, which is now supporting “The League of

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Nations.” And not the least striking attestations to Tolstoy’s contentions have lately been given by the two English statesmen, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Grey, “who between them directed England’s foreign policy continuously for half a generation.” Lord Lansdowne has written:

“Our people will not be content to admit that our statesmanship is bankrupt, that *the principles of Christianity* may be valuable for domestic application, but have no place in international affairs, and they will look to their leaders to point the way out.”

While Lord Grey has stated:

“There can be no industrial progress, nor can our national welfare and prosperity be maintained, if *the world is going to slip back into the pre-war condition of separate alliances and separate armaments.*”

Truly a change of heart. “Christianity and Patriotism” was a passionate protest, twenty-seven years ago, against the mental attitude and reasoning which our leading statesmen have now repudiated. It is, perhaps, therefore time that the younger generation should make acquaintance with the glowing humanity and passionate ardour of a work which their fathers have neglected.

EDWARD GARNETT.

October, 1921.

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I.

RUSSIANS and Frenchmen have lived for many centuries, knowing one another and entering at times into friendly, but more often, unhappily, into very hostile relations provoked by their Governments. And now all at once, because two years ago a French squadron visited Cronstadt, and the officers of the squadron going ashore ate a great deal in various places, and drank many kinds of wine, listening to and uttering many foolish and lying words, and because in 1893 a similar Russian squadron visited Toulon, and the officers of the Russian squadron ate and drank a great deal in Paris, listening to and uttering still more lying and foolish words as they did so, it has come to pass that not only those men who ate, drank, and talked, but also all those who were present on the occasion, and even all those who were not present but merely heard of it or read of it in the newspapers, all these millions of Russians and Frenchmen suddenly imagine that they love one another in a special way—that is, that all Frenchmen love all Russians and all Russians all Frenchmen.

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Last October these feelings were expressed in France in the most extraordinary fashion.

Here is the description of the reception of the Russian sailors given in the *Selsky Vyestnik* (*Rural News*), a newspaper which collects its information from all the other papers:

At the meeting of the Russian and French fleets, in addition to the cannon-shots, the sailors welcomed each other with ardent and enthusiastic shouts of "Hurrah!" "Vive la Russie!" "Vive la France!"

There were, in addition, bands of music (on many private steamers) playing the Russian national hymn, "God save the Tsar," and the French "Marseillaise." The spectators in private boats waved hats, flags, handkerchiefs, and bouquets of flowers; on many vessels there were none but peasants, men and women with their children, and all had bouquets of flowers in their hands, and even the children, as they waved their flowers, shouted as loud as they could: "Vive la Russie!" Our sailors could not restrain their tears at the sight of the popular enthusiasm.

All the French vessels of war at Toulon were drawn up in two lines in the harbour, and our squadron passed between them, the Admiral's ironclad leading the way and the other vessels following it. It was an extremely impressive moment.

Fifteen cannon-shots followed from the Russian Admiral's ship in honour of the French squadron, and in reply the French Admiral's ship fired double the number—thirty shots. The strains of the Russian hymn thundered from the French ships. The French sailors clambered on to the masts and riggings; loud shouts of welcome came in an unbroken stream from

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both squadrons and from private boats. The caps of the sailors, the hats and handkerchiefs of the spectators, were all rapturously waving in honour of their welcome guests. From all sides, from the water and the shore, one universal shout resounded: "Vive la Russie!" "Vive la France!"

In accordance with naval usage, Admiral Avelan, with the officers of his staff, was put ashore to pay his respects to the local authorities. At the landing-stage the Russian sailors were met by the general staff of the French fleet and the senior officers of the port of Toulon. General handshakings followed to the thunder of cannon and the pealing of bells. The marine band played the hymn: "God save the Tsar," which was drowned by the deafening shouts of the spectators: "Vive le Tsar!" "Vive la Russie!" These shouts blended into one mighty roar, drowning the band and the firing of the cannon.

Eyewitnesses assert that at that moment the enthusiasm of the vast multitude reached its highest pitch, and that no words can express the sensations that filled the hearts of all present. Admiral Avelan, accompanied by the Russian and French officers, walked bareheaded into the headquarters of the naval administration, where he was met by the French Minister of Marine Affairs.

On receiving the Admiral, the Minister said:

"Cronstadt and Toulon are the two places which bear witness to the sympathy existing between the Russian and French peoples; you will be welcomed everywhere as real friends. The Government and the whole of France greet you and your companions, who represent a 'great and noble people.'"

The Admiral answered that he was incapable of expressing all his gratitude. "The Russian squadron

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and all Russia," he said, "will be grateful for your reception."

After a brief conversation, the Admiral, on taking leave of the Minister, thanked him a second time for his welcome, and added:

"I do not want to part from you till I have pronounced the words which are imprinted on the hearts of all Russians: 'Vive la France!'"*

Such was the reception in Toulon. In Paris the reception and celebrations were even more remarkable.

This is how the reception in Paris is described in the newspapers:

All eyes are fixed on the Boulevard des Italiens, from which the Russian sailors are to make their appearance. At last the roar of a perfect hurricane of shouts and applause is wafted from the distance. The roar grows louder and more distinct. The hurricane is coming closer. The crush in the square becomes greater. The police rush forward to clear the way to the Cercle Militaire; but this turns out to be no easy task. The crush and pressure of the crowd is beyond all conception. At last the head of the cortège appears in the square. At the same instant, a deafening shout of "Vive la Russie! Vive les Russes!" floats over the square. All heads are bared; the spectators, packed tight in the windows and on the balconies, even sitting on the roofs, wave handkerchiefs, flags, and hats; applaud frantically, fling from the windows of the upper storeys clouds of little cockades of various colours. A perfect sea of handkerchiefs, hats, flags, wave above the heads of the crowd standing in the

* *Rural News*, 1893, No. 41.

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square. "Vive la Russie! Vive les Russes!" shout the hundred thousand spectators, doing their utmost to get a good view of their precious visitors, stretching out their hands to them and expressing their affection in every way.*

Another correspondent writes that the enthusiasm of the crowd bordered on delirium. A Russian journalist who was in Paris at the time describes this procession of sailors as follows:

They say truly—it is an event of world-wide significance, astounding, moving us to tears, lifting up the soul and making it quiver with *that love which sees brethren in its fellow-men, and which hates bloodshed and forcible annexations, the tearing of children from a beloved mother.* I have been in a kind of delirium for some hours. It was amazing; it was almost more than I could bear to stand at the Gare de Lyons among the representatives of the French Government in gold-laced uniforms, among the members of the municipality in dress-coats, and to hear the shouts: "Vive la Russie! Vive le Tsar!" and our national hymn played several times in succession. Where was I? What had happened? What magic current has blended all this into one feeling, one comprehension? Is not the presence of the God of love and brotherhood perceptible in this, the presence of something higher, ideal, that descends upon people only at exalted moments? The heart is so full of something fine and pure and elevated that the pen is not equal to expressing it. Words are pale beside what I saw and what I felt. It was not enthusiasm—the word is too banal—it was finer than enthusiasm. More picturesque, deeper, more joyful, more varied. What took place

* *Novoye Vremya.*

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at the Cercle Militaire, when Admiral Avelan appeared on the balcony of the second storey, defies description. Words are of no avail here. During the service, while the choir were singing in the church, "Lord, save Thy people," the triumphant strains of the "Marseillaise," played by a band of wind instruments in the street, burst in at the open doors. It was something astoundingly impressive, such as no words can convey.*

* *Novoye Vremya*, 1893.

II.

AFTER their arrival in France the Russian sailors spent a fortnight going from one festivity to another, and in the middle or at the end of each festivity they ate and they drank and they talked. And the news of what and where they drank on Wednesday, and what and where on Thursday, and what was said on the occasion, was telegraphed all over Russia. Any Russian captain had only to drink to the health of France for the fact to become known immediately to all the world, and the Russian admiral had only to say, "I drink to la belle France!" for the words to be carried all over the world. But that is not all: the zeal of the newspapers was such that they reported not merely the toasts but even the menus of the dinners with all the tarts and savouries that were served at them.

Thus, for example, in one newspaper it was stated that the dinner had been a work of art:

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Consommé de volailles, petits pâtés.

Mousse de homard parisienne.

Noisette de bœuf à la béarnaise.

Faisans à la Périgord.

Casseroles de truffes au champagne.

Chaufroids de volailles à la Toulouse.

Salade russe.

Croûte de fruits Toulonaise.

Parfaits à l'ananas.

Desserts.

In the next number of the same paper it was stated:

From the culinary point of view also the dinner left nothing to be desired.

The menu was as follows:

Potage livonien et St. Germain.

Zéphirs Nantua.

Esturgeon braisé moldave.

Selle de dague grand veneur ; and so on.

In the following day's paper a fresh menu was described. To every menu was added a list of the beverages swallowed by the festive party: some special vodka, some Bourgogne vieux, grand Moët, and so on. In an English paper there was a list of all the intoxicating liquors swallowed during these celebrations. The amount consumed was so immense that all the drunkards of Russia and France could hardly have got through so much in so short a time.

The speeches pronounced at these banquets were reported too, but the menus were more

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varied than the speeches. The latter invariably consisted of the same words in various permutations and combinations. The meaning of these words was always one and the same: "We love one another tenderly, we are highly delighted that we have suddenly begun to love one another so tenderly. Our object is not war and not *revanche*, and not the restoration of the captured provinces: our object is only peace, the blessings of peace, the security of peace, the tranquillity and peace of Europe. Vive the Russian Emperor and Empress! We love them and we love peace. Vive the President of the Republic and his wife! We love them too and we love peace. Vive France and Russia, their fleets and their armies! We love both the army and peace and the commander of the squadron." The speeches for the most part ended, as with a refrain, with the words, "Toulon, Cronstadt," or "Cronstadt, Toulon." And the names of those places in which so many edibles had been consumed and so many different wines had been drunk were uttered as words that recalled the loftiest, the most brilliant actions of the representatives of both nations, words after the utterance of which there was no need to say more, because everything was understood. We love one another, and we love peace. Cronstadt, Toulon! What more can one add to that? . . . Especially when uttered to the strains of

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triumphal music playing two hymns at once, one glorifying an emperor and beseeching every blessing from God for him; the other, cursing all emperors, and invoking destruction on them all.

Those persons who expressed their feelings of love particularly well were presented with decorations and rewards, and some persons for the same services or simply from overflow of sentiment were offered the strangest and most unexpected gifts: thus the French squadron made the Russian Tsar a present of a golden book, in which, I believe, nothing was written, or if there were, it was something no one wanted to know; while the commander of the Russian squadron, among other presents, received a still more amazing object, a plough made of aluminium and covered with flowers; and there were many other equally surprising gifts.

Moreover, all these strange actions were accompanied by still more strange religious ceremonies and public services, to which, one would have thought, the French had become unaccustomed. There can hardly have been so many public services performed since the times of the Concordat as during this brief period. The French became all at once extraordinarily devout, and carefully hung up in the apartments of the Russian sailors the very images which they had so scrupulously removed from their schools as the pernicious instruments

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of superstition: and they prayed without ceasing. The cardinals and the bishops prescribed special prayers everywhere, and they themselves made use of the strangest prayers. Thus a bishop at Toulon on the occasion of launching an ironclad prayed to God for peace, while making it felt, however, that if something happened he could appeal to God for war also.

“What will be its destiny,” said the bishop speaking of the newly launched ironclad, “only God knows; whether it will vomit death from its terrifying entrails—there is no telling. But if, after calling to-day upon the God of peace, we have hereafter to call upon the God of strife, our faith is firm that this ship will go to meet the foe hand-in-hand with the mighty vessels the crews of which have to-day entered into such close brotherly alliance with ours. But may we escape this alternative, and may the present celebration leave only a peaceful memory like the memory of the Grand Duke Constantine (the Grand Duke was at Toulon in 1857), who was present here at the launching of the ship *Quirinal*, and may the friendship of France and Russia make of the two nations the guardians of peace. . . .”

Meanwhile, tens of thousands of telegrams were flying from Russia to France and from France to Russia. French women sent greetings to Russian women. Russian women expressed their gratitude to French women.

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A company of Russian actors sent greetings to the French actors; the French actors asserted that they treasured deeply in their hearts the greeting of the company of Russian actors. Russian legal graduates attached to the circuit court of some town announced their enthusiasm to the French nation. General So-and-So thanked Madame So-and-So; Madame So-and-So assured General So-and-So of her sentiments for the Russian nation; Russian children wrote greetings in verse to French children; French children responded in prose and verse; the Russian Minister of Education testified to the French Minister of Education concerning the sudden feelings of love for the French entertained by all Russian children, learned men, and writers; the members of the Society for the Protection of Animals protested their warm devotion to the French; the town councillors of Kazan made a similar declaration.

The Canon of Arras declared to his reverence the head priest of the clergy of the Russian Imperial Court, that he could assert that love for Russia and for his majesty Alexander III. and his august family was deeply imprinted in the hearts of all French cardinals and archbishops, and that French and Russian priests profess almost the same faith and have the same reverence for the Holy Virgin; to which his reverence the head priest replied that the prayers of the French clergy for the

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Royal Family were joyfully echoed in the hearts of all the Tsar-loving Russian people, and that since the Russian people have the same reverence for the Holy Virgin, they can reckon on France for life and death. All sorts of generals, telegraph clerks, and grocers made almost the same protestations. They all congratulated someone on something or thanked someone for something.

The excitement was so great that the most unusual things were done, but no one noticed their unusualness; on the contrary, everyone approved of them, was delighted with them, and as though afraid of being too late, hastened to do something of the same sort so as not to be left behind the rest. If protests were uttered and even written and printed against these frenzied proceedings, pointing out their senselessness, these protests were kept out of sight or shouted down.*

* Thus, for example, I know of the following protest sent by Russian students to Paris, but not printed in a single newspaper:

AN OPEN LETTER TO FRENCH STUDENTS.

"A group of Moscow law students with the University Inspector at their head have recently had the audacity to take upon themselves to speak in the name of all the Moscow students, in reference to the Toulon celebrations.

"We, the representatives of the league of students' associations, protest in the most emphatic manner, both against the assumption of authority by this group, and against the exchange of greetings that has taken place between it and the students of France. We, too, look with warm affection and deep respect upon France, but we look upon her with those

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To say nothing of the millions of working days wasted on these celebrations, of the wholesale drunkenness of all who took part in them, encouraged by all the authorities; to say nothing of the senselessness of the speeches that were made, the most insane and cruel things were done and no one took any notice of them.

Several dozens of people were crushed to death, for instance, and no one thought it necessary to mention it. One correspondent wrote that a Frenchman told him at a ball that there was hardly a woman to be found in Paris now who would not have betrayed her

feelings, because we see in her a great nation which has in the past continually stood before the whole world as the champion and herald of the great ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity, which has been foremost also in daring efforts to embody these great ideals in life; and the better part of the youth of Russia has always been ready to pay respect to France as the leader in the struggle for the future welfare of humanity. But we do not regard such celebrations as those of Cronstadt and Toulon as a fitting cause for such expressions of respect.

“On the contrary, these celebrations manifest a melancholy, though we hope temporary, fact—the betrayal by France of her grand historic rôle: the land that once called upon the whole world to break the fetters of despotism and offered its fraternal assistance to every people in revolt for emancipation, is now burning incense before the Russian Government which systematically checks the normal and organic development of national life, and mercilessly and unscrupulously crushes every movement of Russian society towards enlightenment, towards freedom, and towards independence. The demonstrations at Toulon are

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duty to satisfy the desires of any Russian sailor; and all this passed unnoticed as though it were all as it ought to be. There were cases of unmistakable frenzy; one woman, for instance, dressed in the colours of the French and Russian flags, waited for the arrival of the sailors, and exclaiming: "Vive la Russie!" leaped from the bridge into the river, and was drowned.

Women generally took a prominent part in all these ceremonies and even gave the lead to the men. Besides throwing flowers and ribbons of all sorts and presenting gifts and addresses, French women fell upon the Russian sailors in the street and kissed them, others for some

one act of the drama of the hostility, created by Napoleon III. and Bismarck, between the two great nations France and Germany. This hostility keeps all Europe under arms and makes Russian absolutism, which has always been the support of tyranny and despotism against freedom, of the exploiters against the exploited, the arbiter of the political destinies of the world. Grief for our own country, regret for the blindness of a considerable part of French society—these are the feelings evoked in us by these celebrations.

"We are fully convinced that the younger generation of France will not be carried away by national chauvinism, and, ready to struggle for that better social order to which humanity is moving, will know how to interpret present events and the right attitude to take to them; we hope that our warm protest will find a sympathetic echo in the hearts of the youth of France.

*"Council of the League of the Twenty-four United
Students' Associations of Moscow."*

Moscow,
March 17th, 1894.

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reason brought their children to them and held them up to be kissed, and when the Russian sailors gratified this desire everyone present was moved to ecstasy and shed tears.

This strange excitement was so infectious that one correspondent relates that a Russian sailor who had till then seemed perfectly normal, after a fortnight's contemplation of all that was going on around him leaped in the middle of the day from the ship into the sea and swam shouting: "Vive la France!" When he was pulled out and asked why he had done this he answered that he had taken a vow to swim round the ship in honour of France.

The excitement thus unchecked grew and grew like a rolling snowball, and at last reached such proportions, that not merely those who were witnesses, not merely those who were predisposed and neurotic, but even strong normal people were infected by the general state of mind and brought into an abnormal condition.

I remember that, carelessly reading one of these descriptions of the triumphal reception of the sailors, I became suddenly and unexpectedly conscious of something like a feeling of emotion, even of being nearly moved to tears, so that I had to make an effort to struggle against the feeling.

III.

A PROFESSOR of mental pathology, called Sikorsky, has lately described in the Kiev University Records an epidemic of insanity, called by him "Malevanism," which had appeared in several villages of the Vassilkovsky district in the province of Kiev. This malady arose, in Professor Sikorsky's words, from the fact that several people living in those villages under the influence of a man called Malevanny imagined that the end of the world would come very shortly, and consequently, changing their whole manner of life, began giving away their belongings, dressing up in fine clothes, eating good things and drinking, and gave up working. The Professor considered the condition of these people abnormal. He says: "Their extraordinary serenity often passed into exaltation—a joyful condition resting on no external causes. They were sentimentally disposed; courteous to excess, talkative, emotional, with tears of joy that came easily and as easily vanished. They sold the necessities of life to purchase parasols, silk kerchiefs, and such articles. And the kerchiefs only served them as a decoration.

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They ate a great many sweet things. Their state of mind was always joyous, and they spent their time making holiday, visiting one another, walking about. . . . When the obvious absurdity of their refusing to work was pointed out to them, one heard every time by way of answer the stereotyped phrase: 'If I want to, I'll work; if I don't want to, why should I force myself?' "

The learned Professor considers the condition of these people an unmistakable case of epidemic insanity, and advising the Government to take certain steps to prevent it from spreading, concludes his article with the words: "Malevanism is the cry of distress of a sick population, and its prayer for deliverance from drink and for the improvement of education and sanitary conditions."

But if Malevanism is the cry of distress of a sick population and its prayer for deliverance from drink and pernicious social conditions, what a horrifying cry of distress from a sick population and what a prayer to be rescued from drink and false social conditions is this new disease that has broken out in Paris, and with alarming rapidity infected the greater part of the town population of France, and almost the whole governing and civilized well-to-do classes of Russia! And if it is admitted that the mental derangement of the Malevanists is a danger, and that the Government would

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do well to follow the Professor's advice by removing the leaders of the Malevanists, putting some of them into madhouses and monasteries, and exiling others to remote regions, we must recognize the new epidemic that has lately broken out at Toulon and Paris, and from there has spread over the whole of France and Russia, as a far greater danger, and must regard it as far more necessary for society, if not for the Government, to take resolute measures to prevent the spreading of such epidemics.

The likeness between the two diseases is complete. There is the same extraordinary sense of happiness, that passes into causeless and joyful exaltation, the same sentimentality, exaggerated courtesy, loquacity, the same frequent tears of emotion that come and go for no reason, the same holiday mood, the same walking about and visiting one another, the same dressing up in very smart clothes, the same passion for dainty fare, the same senseless speeches, the same idleness, the same singing and music, the same prominent part played by women, and, in many instances, the same clownish phase of *attitudes passionnelles* which Professor Sikorsky observed in the Malevanists—that is, as I understand the words, the various unnatural attitudes assumed by people during ceremonious welcomes, receptions, and speeches delivered at banquets.

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The resemblance is complete. The only difference—and it is a vast difference for the society in which these phenomena take place—is that in the one case it is the aberration of a few dozens of poor peaceful villagers, who live on their own small means, and so can exercise no force upon their neighbours, and can infect others only by means of personal communication of their mental state by word of mouth; while in the other, it is the madness of millions of men, possessing vast sums of money and means for exercising force on others—guns, bayonets, fortresses, ironclads, melinite, dynamite—and having, moreover, at their disposition, the most powerful means for the diffusion of their madness—the post, the telegraph, an immense number of newspapers and publications of all sorts, incessantly printing and spreading abroad the infection to every end of the earth. Another difference is that those affected by the one craze, far from drinking to excess, touch no intoxicating beverages at all, while those affected by the second are continually in a state of semi-intoxication. And therefore for the society in which these phenomena take place, the difference between the Kiev epidemic, during which, according to Professor Sikorsky's statement, there was no instance of any act of violence or murder, and that which prevailed in Paris, in which during one procession twenty women were

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crushed to death, is as great as the difference between a hot ember falling out of the stove and glowing on the floor which will obviously not be set alight by it, and a fire which has set the doors and the walls of the house in flames. At the very worst the consequences of the Kiev epidemic will be that the peasants of a millionth part of Russia will spend what they have earned by their toil, and will not be in a position to pay their taxes. The consequences of the epidemic of Toulon and Paris which has seized upon people in the possession of terrible power—enormous sums of money and means for exercising force and for the propaganda of their madness—may, and must, be terrible.

IV.

ONE may listen with compassion to the nonsensical babble of a weak, unarmed, old madman in his peaked cap and his gown and may refrain from contradicting him, and even in jest humour him; but when there is a whole multitude of sturdy madmen who have broken out of their confinement, and these madmen are slung from head to foot with sharp daggers, swords, and loaded revolvers, and are excitedly brandishing these deadly weapons, far from being able to humour them, one cannot even remain for one minute indifferent. It is the same with that state of excitement aroused by the French celebrations in which French and Russian society is now plunged. The people who in this case have been attacked by the epidemic of insanity are in possession of the most terrible weapons of murder and mutilation.

It is true that in all the speeches, in all the toasts uttered during these celebrations, in all the articles concerning these celebrations, it is invariably stated that the significance of all that has taken place lies in its guaranteeing the peace of the world. Even the advocates

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of war spoke not of hatred for those who had forcibly annexed provinces, but of some sort of love which in some way feels hatred.

But the cunning of all people suffering from mental derangement is well known, and it is just the persistent repeating of the phrase, "We do not want war, but want peace," and the silence about what all are thinking of, that is the most menacing symptom.

In his reply toast at the banquet in the Élysée the Russian Ambassador said: "Before proposing the toast which will meet with the deepest response not merely from all who are within these walls, but also from all those whose hearts, far and near, in every spot in this great fair realm of France, as well as in all Russia, are beating at this moment in unison with ours, allow me to convey to you the expression of our profound gratitude for the words of welcome addressed by you to the Admiral whom our sovereign has charged to return the Cronstadt visit. With that lofty eloquence of which you are the happy possessor, your speech has formulated the true significance of the splendid peaceful festivities which have been celebrated with such remarkable unanimity, loyalty, and purity of heart."

The same irrelevant allusion to peace is found also in the speech of the French President:

"The bonds of love uniting Russia and

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France," said he, "strengthened two years ago by the touching ovations of which our fleet was the object at Cronstadt, have grown closer every day, and the honourable exchange of our feelings of friendship must be an inspiration to all who care for the benefits of peace, confidence, and security," and so on.

In both speeches the reference to the benefits of peace and peaceful celebrations comes in quite unexpectedly, and without any connection. The same thing happens in the telegrams exchanged by the Russian Emperor and the French President. The Russian Emperor telegraphs:

Au moment où l'escadre russe quitte la France, il me tient à cœur de vous exprimer combien je suis touché et reconnaissant de l'accueil chaleureux et splendide que mes marins ont trouvé partout sur le sol français. Les témoignages de vive sympathie qui se sont manifestés encore une fois avec tant d'éloquence, joindront un nouveau lien à ceux qui unissent les deux pays et contribueront, je l'espère, à l'affermissement de la paix générale, objet de leurs efforts et de leurs vœux les plus constants.

In his reply telegram the President said:

La dépêche dont je remercie votre majesté m'est parvenue au moment où je quittais Toulon pour rentrer à Paris. La belle escadre sur laquelle j'ai eu la vive satisfaction de saluer le pavillon russe dans les eaux françaises, l'accueil cordial et spontané que vos braves marins ont rencontré partout en France

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affirment une fois de plus avec éclat les sympathies sincères qui unissent nos deux pays. Ils marquent en même temps une foi profonde dans l'influence bienfaisante que peuvent exercer ensemble deux grandes nations dévouées à la cause de la paix.

Again, in both telegrams, apropos of nothing, mention is made of peace which has nothing in common with the celebrations in honour of the sailors.

There has not been one speech nor one article in which it has not been stated that the object of all these orgies is the peace of Europe. At the dinner given by the representatives of the Russian Press everyone spoke of peace. Monsieur Zola, who not long ago wrote that war was inevitable and indeed beneficial, and Monsieur de Vogüé, who has more than once said the same thing in print, now say not a word of war, but talk only of peace. The sittings of the Chamber were opened with speeches concerning the late celebrations; the speakers declared that these celebrations were the proclamation of the peace of Europe.

It is as though a man should come into a peaceable company and zealously on every occasion assure those present that he has not the slightest intention of knocking out their teeth, blacking their eyes, or breaking their arms, but simply intends to spend the evening peaceably. "No one doubts it," one feels inclined to say to him. "If you have such

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abominable designs, at any rate don't dare to tell us of them."

Many articles on the celebrations actually contain a direct and naïve expression of pleasure that during the celebrations nobody expressed what, *tacitu consensu*, it had been resolved to conceal from all, and that only one incautious individual (immediately removed by the police) shouted what all were thinking: "A bas l'Allemagne!" In the same way children are sometimes so delighted at having concealed their mischief that their very delight betrays them.

Why be so delighted that no one has said anything about war if we really are not thinking of it?

V.

NO one is thinking of war, but milliards of roubles are being spent on preparations for war, and millions of men are under arms in Russia and France. "But that is all done to secure peace. *Si vis pacem, para bellum. L'empire c'est la paix, la république c'est la paix.*"

But if that is so, why is it that among us in Russia, in all the magazines and newspapers published for the so-called educated classes, the military advantages of our alliance with France in case of war with Germany are clearly explained? And not only that, but even in the *Rural News*, a newspaper published by the Russian Government for the benefit of the simple people, it is impressed upon that unhappy people, deceived by the Government, that—

Friendship with France is a benefit and advantage for Russia too, because if, contrary to all expectation, the aforementioned Powers (Germany, Austria, and Italy) resolved to break the peace with Russia, though with God's help she might be able alone to defend herself and to be a match for the very powerful alliance of her

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enemies, it would not be an easy task, and great sacrifices and losses would be inevitable for a successful issue.*

And so on.

And why is it that in all the French colleges history is taught from a manual compiled by Monsieur Lavis, twenty-first edition, 1889, in which the following passage occurs:

Depuis que l'insurrection de la Commune a été vaincue, la France n'a plus été troublée. Au lendemain de la guerre, elle s'est remise au travail. Elle a payé aux Allemands sans difficultés l'énorme contribution de guerre de cinq milliards. Mais la France a perdu sa renommée militaire pendant la guerre de 1870. Elle a perdu une partie de son territoire. Plus de quinze cent mille hommes qui habitaient nos départements du Haut-Rhin, du Bas-Rhin et de la Moselle, et qui étaient de bons Français ont été obligés de devenir Allemands. Ils ne sont pas résignés à leur sort. Ils détestent l'Allemagne; ils espèrent toujours redevenir Français. Mais l'Allemagne tient à sa conquête, et c'est un grand pays dont tous les habitants aiment sincèrement leur patrie et dont les soldats sont braves et disciplinés. Pour reprendre à l'Allemagne ce qu'elle nous a pris, il faut que nous soyons de bons citoyens et de bons soldats. C'est pour que vous deveniez de bons soldats que vos maîtres vous apprennent l'histoire de la France. L'histoire de la France montre que dans notre pays les fils ont toujours vengé les désastres de leurs pères. Les Français du temps du Charles VII. ont vengé leurs pères vaincus à Crécy, à Poitiers, à Azincourt. . . . C'est à vous,

* *Rural News*, 1893, No. 43.

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—enfants élèves aujourd'hui dans nos écoles—qu'il appartient à venger vos pères, vaincus à Sedan et à Metz. C'est votre devoir, le grand devoir de votre vie. Vous devez y penser toujours. . . .

And so on.

At the bottom of the page there is a series of questions corresponding to the paragraph above. The questions are as follows:

“What did France lose in the loss of part of her territory? How many Frenchmen have been turned into Germans through the loss of that territory? Do those Frenchmen love Germany? What ought we to do to regain some day what Germany has taken from us? . . .” Besides this, there are “Réflexions sur le livre VII.,” in which it is said that “The children of France ought to remember our defeats in 1870”; “that they ought to feel the bitterness of this memory in their hearts”; but that “this memory ought not to discourage them: it ought, on the contrary, to arouse their valour.”

So that if in official speeches there is talk with great insistence about peace, the simple people, and all Russian and French people in a subordinate position, are invariably impressed with the necessity, lawfulness, advantageousness, and even glory of war.

“We are not thinking of war. We are only anxious for peace.”

One is tempted to ask: *Qui, diable, trompe-*

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t-on ici ? If, indeed, it were necessary to make that inquiry, and it were not all too clear who is the unlucky deceived victim.

That victim is the everlastingly deceived, foolish working people—the people who with their blistered hands have built all those ships, and fortresses, and arsenals, and barracks, and cannons, and steamers, and harbours, and bridges, and all those palaces, halls, and platforms, and triumphal arches, and have printed all the newspapers, and pamphlets, and procured and brought all the pheasants and ortolans, and oysters, and wines eaten and drunk by all those men who are fed, educated, and kept by them, and who, deceiving them, are preparing the most fearful calamities for them; it is always the same good-natured foolish people who, showing their healthy white teeth as they smile, gape like children, naïvely delighted at the dressed-up admirals and presidents, at the flags waving above them, and at the fireworks, and the playing bands; though before they have time to look about them, there will be neither admirals, nor presidents, nor flags, nor bands, but only the desolate wet plain, cold, hunger, misery—in front of them the slaughtering enemy, behind them the relentless government, blood, wounds, agonies, rotting corpses, and a senseless, useless death.

And men just like those who now are feasting

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at the celebrations of Toulon and Paris will sit in a pavilion of dark cloth after a good dinner with a cigar between their teeth and unfinished glasses of good wine beside them, and will mark with pins on the map the spots at which so much cannon-flesh made up of those people must be left,—just to take this or that position and to win this or that ribbon or promotion.

VI.

“**B**UT there is nothing of that sort and there are no military projects at all,” we shall be answered; “it is only that two nations feeling mutual sympathy express those feelings to each other. What is there wrong in the fact that the representatives of a friendly nation have been received with special celebrations and honour by the representatives of another nation? What is there wrong even if one admits that the alliance may have value as a defence against a dangerous neighbour threatening the peace of Europe?”

What is wrong is that it is all the most obvious and shameless lie, a wicked lie with nothing to justify it. This sudden exceptional love of the Russians for the French, and of the French for the Russians, is a lie; and our implied dislike for the Germans and mistrust of them is a lie too. And it is a still greater lie that the object of all these unseemly and senseless orgies is the preservation of the peace of Europe.

We all know that we have neither felt in the past any special love for the French, nor are we feeling it now; just as we have not felt and are not feeling any hostility to the Germans.

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We are told that Germany has schemes against Russia, that the Triple Alliance is a menace to the peace of Europe and to us, and that our alliance with France restores the balance of power and is therefore a guarantee of peace. But this assertion is so obviously silly that one is ashamed to discuss it seriously. Why, for that to be so—*i.e.*, for the alliance to be a guarantee of peace—the rival Powers would have to be mathematically equal. If the balance is now on the side of the Franco-Russian Alliance, the danger is the same. It is even greater; for if there were a danger that Wilhelm at the head of a European alliance should break the peace, there would be far more danger that France should do so, since she cannot resign herself to the loss of her provinces. Why, the Triple Alliance was called the league of peace, yet for us it was the league of war. In the same way now the Franco-Russian Alliance can appear as nothing else but what it really is—a league of war.

And then, if peace depends on the balance of power, how is one to fix the units between which equilibrium must be established? Now, the English are saying that the alliance of Russia and France is a menace to them, and so they must make a new alliance; and into how many alliances must Europe be divided that there may be equilibrium? Why, if that is how it is, in every society of human beings

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a man who is stronger than another is a danger, and the others must combine in alliances to resist him.

The question is asked: "What is there wrong in the fact that France and Russia have expressed their mutual sympathies for the safeguarding of peace?"

What is wrong is that it is a lie, and a lie is never uttered and never acted for nothing.

The devil is a slayer of men and the father of lying. And lying always leads to the slaying of men. And in this case that is more obvious than in any.

Before the Turkish War, just as now, a sudden love flamed up all at once between our Russians and some brother Slavs whom no one had known anything about for hundreds of years, while Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, have always been, and still are, incomparably nearer and more akin to us than any Montenegrins, Serbs, or Bulgars. And there were the same receptions, celebrations, and enthusiasms, fanned by the Aksakovs and the Katkovs, who are mentioned now in Paris as models of patriotism. Then, even as now, they talked of nothing but the sudden mutual love between the Russians and the Slavs. At first, just as now in Paris, they ate and drank and said silly things to one another in Moscow, were touched by their own elevated feelings, talked of unity and peace, and were silent

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about the chief thing—their schemes against Turkey. The newspapers fanned the excitement; the Government gradually began to take part in the game. Serbia rose. Diplomatic notes, semi-official articles followed; the newspapers were more and more filled with lies, inventions, and feverish excitement, and it ended in Alexander II., who really did not desire war, being unable to avoid consenting to it, and what we know was brought to pass—the ruin of hundreds of thousands of innocent people and the brutalization and degradation of millions. What has been done at Toulon and in Paris, and is still now being done in the newspapers, is obviously leading to the same or a still more awful calamity. Just in the same way, at first various Generals and Ministers will, to the strains of “God save the Tsar” and the “Marseillaise,” drink to France, to Russia, to different regiments, to the army and the fleet; the newspapers will print their lies; the idle crowd of rich people who do not know what to do with their strength and their time, will babble patriotic speeches, stirring up hostility to Germany; and however peace-loving Alexander III. may be, circumstances will be made so complicated that it will be impossible for him to refuse his assent to a war which will be demanded by all surrounding him, by all the newspapers, and, as it always appears, by the public opinion of the whole

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people. And before we have time to look round, the usual sinister and absurd proclamation will appear in the columns of the newspapers:

We, by the grace of God, the most high and all-powerful ruler of all Russia, Tsar of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, and so on and so on, proclaim to all our faithful subjects that for the welfare of our beloved subjects committed to us by God, we have deemed it our duty before God to send them to murder. God is with them, etc.

The bells will begin ringing, men with long hair will dress up in gold embroidered sacks and begin praying for murder. And the old horrible business familiar for ages will begin over again. The journalists will get to work, egging men on under the guise of patriotism to hatred and murder, and will be delighted at doubling their sales. The factory-owners, the merchants, the purveyors of army stores, will gleefully get to work, expecting doubled profits. Officials of all sorts will get to work, foreseeing the possibility of stealing more than they usually steal. The higher officers of the army will get to work, receiving double salary and rations, and hoping to win for murdering men various trinkets greatly prized by them—ribbons, crosses, stripes, stars. The idle ladies and gentlemen will get to work putting their names down for the Red Cross, getting ready to bandage those whom their own husbands or brothers are going

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to wound, and imagining that in this they are doing a very Christian deed.

And drowning the despair in their hearts with singing, debauchery, and vodka, torn away from peaceful labour, from their wives, their mothers and their children, hundreds of thousands of simple good-natured men, with weapons of murder in their hands, will trudge off where they are sent. They will march; will be frozen, will be hungry, will be sick, some dying of disease; till at last they reach the place where they will be murdered by thousands, and will themselves, not knowing why, murder by thousands men whom they have never seen, who have done them no wrong, and can have done them no wrong. And when the mass of the sick, wounded, and killed is so great that no one can gather them up, and when the air is so contaminated by the rotting cannon-flesh that it becomes unpleasant even for the commanding officers, then they will stop for a time, will pick up the wounded after a fashion, and carry them off, will throw the sick together in heaps, anywhere that comes first, and will bury the slain in the earth, sprinkling them with lime, and will lead the crowd of their dupes further, and will go on leading them forward till those who have contrived all the mischief are weary of it, or till those who have something to gain have gained all they want.

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And again, men will be made more savage, more hard-hearted, more brutal, and love will be lessened in the world, and the Christianizing of mankind which had begun will be put back again for decades, for centuries. And again, those men to whom it is profitable will assert with full conviction that since there has been war, that proves that it is inevitable, and they will begin again preparing future generations for it, corrupting them from their childhood.

VII.

AND, therefore, when there are such patriotic demonstrations as the Toulon celebrations, which bind men's freedom for the future, though apparently only for the distant future, and pledge them to the usual iniquities which are always the outcome of patriotism, no man who understands the significance of those celebrations can refrain from protesting against all that is tacitly implied in them. And, therefore, when the journalists print in the papers that every Russian sympathizes with what is being done at Cronstadt, Toulon, and Paris and that this alliance for life and for death is confirmed by the will of the whole people; and when the Russian Minister of Education assures the French Ministers that all his staff, as well as the children, the learned men, and the writers of Russia share his feelings; and when the Admiral of the Russian squadron assures the French that all Russia will be grateful for their reception; and when the head priests speak for their flocks and declare that the prayers of the French for the life of the Russian imperial family rouse joyful echoes in

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the hearts of the Tsar-loving Russian people; and when the Russian Ambassador in Paris, who is regarded as the representative of the Russian people, says, after a dish of *ortolans à la soubise et logopèdes glacées* with a glass of champagne Grand Moët in his hand, that all Russian hearts beat in unison with his heart, which is brimming over with sudden and exceptional love for *la belle France*—then we who are free from the prevailing intoxication regard it as our sacred duty, not in our own name only, but in the name of tens of millions of Russians, to protest in the most emphatic way against it, and to declare that our hearts do not beat in unison with the hearts of the journalists, the ministers of education, the admirals of squadrons, the head priests, and ambassadors, but are, on the contrary, filled with indignation and loathing at the pernicious lie, and at the evil which they, consciously or unconsciously, are spreading far and wide by their speeches and actions. Let them drink Moët as much as they please, and write articles and deliver speeches on their own account and in their own name, but we Christians, recognizing ourselves as such, cannot admit that all that these people say and write binds us. We cannot admit this because we know what lies hidden under those drunken ecstasies, speeches, and embraces that have nothing in common with the safeguarding of peace, as

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they assure us, but are more akin to the drunkenness and debauchery to which evil-doers abandon themselves when they are preparing for concerted crime.

VIII.

FOUR years ago the first swallow of the Toulon spring—a Frenchman well known as an advocate of war with Germany—came to Russia to pave the way for the Franco-Russian alliance and visited us in the country. He arrived at the time when we were at work in the hayfields. On our return home we made our visitor's acquaintance during lunch, and he immediately told us how he had fought in the Franco-German War, had been taken prisoner, had escaped, and had made a patriotic vow, of which he was obviously proud, never to give up agitating for war with Germany till such time as the unity and glory of France were restored. Our visitor's convictions concerning the necessity of an alliance between Russia and France in order to restore the former frontiers of France, and her power and glory, and to safeguard ourselves from the evil machinations of Germany, had no success in our circle. To his arguments that France could never be at rest till she had regained her lost provinces, we replied that in the same way Prussia could never be at rest till she had avenged Jena, and

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that if the *revanche* of the French should be successful now, the Germans would have to avenge it again; and so on without end.

To his arguments that the French were in duty bound to rescue their brothers who had been torn from them, we replied that the position of the inhabitants, of the majority of the working-class inhabitants, of Alsace-Lorraine under the rule of Germany had hardly become worse in any respect than the position in which they had been under the rule of France; and that because a few Alsatians would prefer to be reckoned as French than as Germans, or because he, our visitor, thought it desirable to restore the glory of the French arms, it was not merely not worth while to provoke the terrible calamities which would be produced by war, but not even right to sacrifice a single human life.

To his retort that it was all very well for us to talk like that since we had not had the same experience, but that we should speak very differently if the Baltic Provinces or Poland were taken from us, we replied that even from the political point of view the loss of Poland or the Baltic Provinces could not be a misfortune for us, but might rather be regarded as a blessing, since it would diminish the military force and political expenditure required for them. From the Christian point of view we could not think war right in any case, since war

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involves the murder of men; and Christianity not only forbids every sort of murder, but requires active benevolence to all men, looking upon all nationalities without discrimination as brothers. A Christian state, we said, to be consistent ought, on entering upon a war, not merely to remove the crosses from the churches, to turn the churches themselves into buildings for other purposes, to give the clergy other duties, and, above all, to prohibit the Gospel—but ought to renounce every precept of morality which follows from the Christian law. “*C’est à prendre ou à laisser,*” we said. Until such time as Christianity is abolished, men can only be drawn into war by cunning and deception, as is always done now.

We see this cunning and deception, and so we cannot give in to it. Since on this occasion there was no band, nor champagne, nor anything to intoxicate us, our visitor merely shrugged his shoulders, and, with the politeness peculiar to the French, said that he was very grateful for the kind welcome he had received in our house, but greatly regretted that his ideas had not met with the same reception.

IX.

AFTER this conversation we went out into the hayfield, and there, hoping to find more sympathy with his ideas from the peasants, he asked me to translate, to our fellow-worker, an old peasant called Prokofy, afflicted with a severe hernia, and yet hard at work, his plan of action against the Germans, which was to press upon the Germans from both sides as they lay in the middle between the Russians and the French. The Frenchman showed this to Prokofy in action, putting his white fingers on each side of Prokofy's sweat-soaked hempen shirt. I remember the good-naturedly ironical surprise of Prokofy when I explained to him the Frenchman's words and gesture. The plan for hemming in the Germans on both sides Prokofy evidently took for a jest, as he could not imagine that a grown-up educated man could with untroubled spirit and in a state of sobriety talk of its being desirable to go to war.

"Why, if we hem him in on both sides," he said, answering, as he thought, jest with jest, "he won't be able to go backwards or forwards; we must let him have room to turn round, too."

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I translated this answer to my visitor.

"*Dites lui que nous aimons les Russes,*" he said.

These words struck Prokofy evidently more than the proposition about hemming in the Germans, and aroused a certain feeling of suspicion.

"What sort of man may he be?" Prokofy asked me, distrustfully indicating my visitor with a movement of his head.

I said that he was a Frenchman, a wealthy man.

"What business is he here upon?" asked Prokofy.

When I explained that he had come to rouse the Russians to form an alliance with France in case of war with the Germans, Prokofy, it was evident, was thoroughly displeased, and turning to the peasant women who were sitting on a hayrick he shouted to them in a stern voice that unconsciously betrayed the feelings roused by the conversation, telling them to go and rake up the rest of the hay.

"Come, you crows, you are dreaming. Get to work. We needn't be in a hurry about crushing the German. Here they have not carried the hay yet. And it seems they are to go to crush him by Wednesday,"* he said.

* An untranslatable pun, as the words also mean: "It seems they are to go reaping by Wednesday."—*Translator's Note.*

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And then, as though afraid of wounding a stranger and a visitor by this remark, he added, showing his stumps of teeth in a good-natured smile:

“You’d better come and work with us, and send the Germans along too. And when we have done work we will have some fun, and take the Germans with us too; they are men just the same.”

And saying this, Prokofy took his sinewy arm from between the spokes of the pitchfork on which he was leaning, flung it on his shoulder, and followed the women.

“*Oh, le brave homme,*” the polite Frenchman exclaimed, laughing, and with that ended his diplomatic mission to the Russian people for the time.

The sight of these two men so completely the opposite of each other—the well-nourished Frenchman, radiant with freshness, self-confidence, and eloquence, in his chimney-top hat and a long overcoat of the cut then in fashion, with his white hands that knew nothing of work, vigorously showing how the Germans must be hemmed in—and the shaggy figure of Prokofy, with hay-seed in his hair, shrivelled up with toil, sunburnt, always tired, and, in spite of his rupture, always at work, with his fingers swollen from toil, in his slack home-made breeches and battered bark shoes, striding with a huge fork of hay on his shoulder, with

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that step, not sluggish but sparing of movement, with which the labouring man always moves—the sight of these two vividly contrasting types made a very great deal clear to me at the time, and comes vividly back to my mind after the festivities of Toulon and Paris. One of them was typical of all those men fed by the people's toil, who afterwards use those very people as meat for the cannon; while Prokofy is that very meat for the cannon while he feeds and protects the people who dispose of him.

X.

“**B**UT two provinces have been taken from the French, children have been torn from a beloved mother. But Russia cannot suffer Germany to dictate laws to her and deprive her of her historical mission in the East; she cannot submit to be robbed like the French of her territory—the Baltic Provinces, Poland, the Caucasus. But Germany cannot submit to the loss of the advantages she has gained by such sacrifices. But England cannot yield her naval supremacy to anyone.”

And when such things are said, it is usually taken for granted that the Frenchman, and the Russian, and the German, and the Englishman, ought to be ready to sacrifice everything for the sake of regaining their lost provinces, of maintaining their influence in the East, of preserving their unity and power or their supremacy at sea, and so on.

It is taken for granted that the feeling of patriotism is, in the first place, a feeling innate in everyone; and, in the second place, that it is such a lofty moral feeling that, if absent, it ought to be awakened in those who do not possess it. But neither of these propositions is true. I have spent half a century

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among the Russian peasants, and during all that time in the great mass of genuine Russian peasants I never once saw or heard the feeling of patriotism manifested or expressed, with the exception of those patriotic phrases learned during military service or repeated from books by the most frivolous and degenerate of the peasants. I have never heard feelings of patriotism expressed by the people, but, on the contrary, I am continually hearing from the most serious and estimable men among the peasants expressions of complete indifference and even contempt for all manifestations of patriotism. I have observed the same thing among the working people of other countries, and educated Frenchmen, Germans, and Englishmen have more than once told me the same thing about their working classes.

The working people are too much taken up with the work of maintaining the life of themselves and their families, which absorbs their whole attention, for them to be able to be interested in the political questions that are the chief motive of patriotism; the questions of the influence of Russia in the East, of the unity of Germany, or of the restoration to France of her lost provinces, or of the cession of this or that part of one state to another, and so on, do not interest them—not only because they scarcely ever know the conditions under which these questions arise, but also because the

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interests of their lives are utterly apart from national political interests. It is always a matter of complete indifference to a man of the people where a frontier is drawn, and even to what Government he has to pay taxes and for which army to give up his sons. But it is always of very great consequence for him to know how much tax he will have to pay, whether the military service will last long, whether he has to pay for his land over many years, and whether he will earn much for his work—all questions that are quite apart from national political interests. That is how it is that—in spite of the vigorous efforts made by Governments to develop in their peoples the patriotism that is not innate in them, and to suppress in their peoples the ideas of socialism that are developing among them—socialism is spreading more and more widely among the masses of the people, while patriotism, so carefully nursed by the Governments, far from being absorbed by the people, is disappearing more and more, and is only maintained in the upper classes, to whom it is profitable. When it does happen that patriotism takes possession of the crowd, as it has done recently in Paris, this is only when the masses are subjected to the intense hypnotic influence of the Governments and ruling classes, and the patriotism is kept up in the people only so long as that influence is maintained.

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Thus, for instance, in Russia, where patriotism in the form of love and devotion to religion, the Tsar, and the Fatherland, is fostered in the people with extraordinary intensity of effort by every means in the hands of the Government—church, school, the press, and every sort of ceremony—the Russian working-class—the hundred millions of the Russian people—is the most free from the deception of patriotism and from devotion to religion, Tsar, and Fatherland, in spite of the undeserved reputation for the opposite bestowed upon it. His religion—the orthodox state religion to which he is supposed to be devoted—the peasant generally knows nothing about, and as soon as he does understand it he casts it off and becomes a rationalist—that is, adopts a religion which cannot be attacked and cannot be defended; his Tsar he regards as he does all authorities imposed upon him—either with censure or with complete indifference, in spite of the incessant and vigorous efforts to instil a different feeling; his native land—unless one understands by the word his village, his district—he either knows not at all, or if he knows it, makes no distinction between it and other states. Just as in old days Russian emigrants went to Austria and to Turkey, so now they settle quite indiscriminately in Russia, or outside Russia, in Turkey or in China.

XI.

MY old friend D——, who used to spend the winter alone in the country, while his wife lived in Paris and he visited her there at rare intervals, often spent the long autumn evenings in conversation with an illiterate but very intelligent and respectable peasant, his village elder, who came to him in the evenings with his report. My friend told him among other things about the advantages of the French political system over our own. This happened just before the last Polish rising, and the intervention of the French Government in our affairs. The patriotic Russian newspapers were burning with indignation at this intervention at the time, and the governing classes were so furious that the position became greatly strained and there began to be talk of war with France.

My friend, who used to read the newspapers, told the village elder about the relations of France and Russia also. Influenced by the tone of the newspapers, my friend said that if there were war (he was an old military man) he should go back into the army and fight with France. In those days patriotic Russians

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used to think the *revanche* upon the French was necessary for Sevastopol.

"Why should we go to war?" asked the village elder.

"Why, how can we let France arrange our affairs?"

"But you say yourself that things are better arranged among them than with us," said the village elder with perfect seriousness. "Let them arrange them for us too."

And my friend told me that this comment so impressed him, that he did not know what to answer, and only laughed, as people laugh on waking up from a dream.

Such criticisms may be heard from every sober Russian, unless he is under the hypnotic influence of the Government.

They talk of the love of the Russian peasantry for their religion, their Tsar, and their country, and yet there is not one commune of peasants in Russia which would hesitate for a minute over choosing between two possible places to settle in: one in Russia with their little father the Tsar, as the phrase is in books, and their holy orthodox faith, in their own adored native country, but with less and inferior land; and the other without their little father, the white Tsar, and without the orthodox faith, somewhere outside Russia, in Prussia, China, Turkey, or Austria, but with more and better land. This we have seen in the past, and we see it

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to-day. For every Russian peasant, the question under what Government he will be living (since he knows that he will be equally plundered whichever it is) has incomparably less significance than—I won't say even whether the water is good—but whether the clay is soft and whether the cabbage grows well.

But it may be supposed that the indifference of the Russians arises from the fact that any Government under whose rule they may come will certainly be better than the Russian, because there is none worse in Europe. But this is not the case. To the best of my belief, the same thing has been observed in English, Dutch, and German emigrants who settle in America, and the emigrants of various other nationalities who settle in Russia.

The change from being subject to one Government to being subject to another, from the Turkish rule to the Austrian, or from the French to the German, makes so little change in the position of working people, that it cannot in any case be a cause of discontent among them, unless they are artificially stirred to that feeling by the efforts of Governments and governing classes.

XII.

THE demonstrations of patriotic feeling in the working people, on various ceremonial occasions—as, for example, in Russia at the coronation, or on the occasion of the attempt on the life of the Tsar on the 17th of October, or in France on the declaration of war with Prussia, or in Germany at the celebration of victory, or at the recent Franco-Russian jubilations—are usually brought forward as a proof of the existence of patriotism.

But we ought to understand how these manifestations are prepared. In Russia, for instance, on every tour made by the Tsar, men are got ready from the communes of peasants and from the factories to meet and welcome the Tsar.

The enthusiasm of the crowd is, for the most part, artificially prepared by those to whom it is of use, and the degree of enthusiasm expressed by the crowd proves nothing but the degree of art of the creators of that enthusiasm. The art has been practised for ages, and so the specialists in the work of arousing such enthusiasm have reached a high degree of skill in it.

When Alexander II. was still the Tsarevitch

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and, as the heir-apparent always is, commanding officer of the Preobrazhensky Regiment, he once went to visit the regiment in camp after dinner. As soon as his carriage appeared, the soldiers ran to meet him just as they were, in their shirts, and, so we are told, greeted their royal commander with such enthusiasm, that all ran racing after the carriage, and many of them crossed themselves as they looked at the Tsarevitch. All who saw this reception were touched by the naïve devotion and love of the Russian soldiers for the Tsar and his heir, and the unaffectedly religious and obviously unprepared enthusiasm which was expressed in the faces and movements of the soldiers, and especially in their making the sign of the cross. And yet it was all artificial and had been prepared in the following way.

After parade the day before, the Tsarevitch told the General of the Brigade that he would come next day.

“When may we expect your Imperial Highness?”

“Probably in the evening, only please make no preparations.”

As soon as the Tsarevitch had gone, the General of the Brigade called together the officers in command of the various companies, and gave orders that on the following day all the soldiers were to put on clean shirts, and as soon as they saw the Tsarevitch's carriage, for

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which scouts were to be on the look-out, they were all to run, just as they were, to meet it, and with shouts of "Hurrah!" were to run after the carriage, and every tenth man was to cross himself as he ran. The non-commissioned officers lined up the companies, and reckoning the men, stopped at the tenth: "One, two, three . . . eight, nine, ten—Sidorenko, cross yourself. One, two, three, four . . . Ivanov, cross yourself. . . ." And everything was carried out according to instructions, and the impression of enthusiasm made upon the Tsarevitch and on all present, even on the soldiers and officers, and even on the General of the Brigade, who had arranged the whole thing, was complete. Exactly the same thing is done, though less crudely, whenever there are patriotic manifestations. Thus, the Franco-Russian celebrations, which appeared to us as the spontaneous expression of popular feeling, did not happen of themselves, but were very skilfully and rather obviously prepared and evoked by the French Government.

As soon as the arrival of the Russian sailors was known [I am quoting again from the same *Rural News*, a Government organ which collects its news from all the other newspapers], committees began to be formed for the organization of rejoicings, not only in all the towns, big and small, situated on the somewhat lengthy route between Toulon and Paris, but even in

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numbers of towns and villages at a great distance on either side of it. Subscription lists were opened everywhere for the expenses of these celebrations. Many towns sent deputations to our ambassador in Paris, with petitions that the Russian sailors should visit those towns, if only for one day or even for one hour. The municipal councils of all the towns in which it was ordained that our sailors should stay, allotted vast sums of money—more than 100,000 roubles—for the organization of various celebrations and festivities, and proclaimed their readiness to spend even larger sums if necessary, that the reception and festivities might be as magnificent as possible.

In Paris itself, apart from the sums voted for this purpose by the municipal council, a large sum of money was collected from private subscriptions by a private committee, also, for the organization of festivities, and the French Government assigned more than 100,000 roubles to Ministers and other officials for their expenses in fêting their Russian visitors. In many towns in which our sailors did not put in an appearance at all, it was nevertheless decided to organize all sorts of festivities on the 1st of October in honour of Russia. A number of towns and provinces decided to send special deputations to Toulon or to Paris, to welcome their Russian visitors, and to take them presents as souvenirs of France, or to send them addresses and telegrams of welcome. It was everywhere decided to reckon the 1st of October as a national holiday, and to set free the pupils of all educational establishments from their studies for that day, and in Paris for two days. It was decided to remit all fines incurred by officials in the lower ranks in order that they might remember the 1st of October with gratitude as a day of rejoicing for France.

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To assist those of the public who might be desirous of visiting Toulon, and taking part in the welcome of the Russian squadron, fares were lowered to one-half on the railways and special extra trains were provided.

And when by a whole series of simultaneous measures, which a Government can always take, owing to the power that is in its hands, a section of the population, principally the scum of the people, the rabble of the towns, has been worked up to a condition of abnormal excitement, people say: "Look, this is a spontaneous expression of the will of a whole people."

Such manifestations as those which have recently taken place in Toulon and Paris, and those which are continually repeated in Russia, on every ceremonial occasion, prove nothing but that the means for skilfully exciting the crowd, which are now in the hands of Governments and ruling classes, are so powerful that the latter can always, at their will, evoke any patriotic manifestation they want. Nothing, on the other hand, proves so clearly the absence of patriotism in the masses as the intense efforts expended now by Governments and ruling classes to arouse it artificially, and the trifling results obtained in spite of all those efforts.

If patriotic feelings were so innate in the peoples, they might be left to appear freely of themselves, and not be worked up by continual

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and extraordinary artificial methods of every sort.

If only for a time, if for one year, they should in Russia give up forcing a whole people to take the oath of allegiance to the Tsar, as is done now; should give up solemnly pronouncing, several times over, prayers for the Tsar at every church service; should give up celebrating his birthday and name-day, with the ringing of church bells, illuminations, and prohibition of work; should give up displaying his portrait everywhere; should give up printing his name and that of his family, and even the place-names referring to them, in capital letters in all prayer-books, calendars, and school books; if they should give up glorifying him in special books and newspapers which exist for that purpose only; if they should give up trying men and putting them into prison for the slightest disrespectful word uttered about the Tsar—if they should give up doing all this for a time, then we should see how far it is natural to the people, the real working people, such as Prokofy, the village elder, Ivan and all the Russian peasants, to feel (as the people are assured, and all foreigners are convinced that they do) adoration for the Tsar, who by one means or another gives them up to be exploited by the landowners and the wealthy classes generally.

So much for Russia; but let them in the

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same way in Germany, France, England, and America give up doing all that is, with just the same energy, being done there, too, by the ruling classes to work up patriotism and obedience to the existing Government, and then we should see how far this supposed patriotism is characteristic of the peoples of our times.

As it is, from childhood the people are hypnotized always in the same direction by every possible means—by school books, by church services, sermons, speeches, books, newspapers, poems, monuments. Then some thousands of people are brought together by force or by bribes, and when these assembled thousands, joined by all the loafers, always glad to be present at any spectacle, to the sounds of cannon firing and bands, and to the sight of magnificence and splendour of all sorts, begin shouting what is shouted before them, we are told that this is the expression of the feelings of the whole people. But, in the first place, these thousands—or, if you like, tens of thousands—of people who shout something at such celebrations make up only a tiny ten-thousandth of the population. In the second place, of those tens of thousands of people shouting and waving their caps, the greater part, if not assembled by force as amongst us in Russia, have been artificially attracted by one allure-ment or another. In the third place, of all

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those thousands, there are scarcely a few dozens who know what it is all about. And they would all shout and wave their caps just as readily if what were being celebrated were precisely the opposite of what it is. And in the fourth place, the police are on the spot, and at once silence and remove all who shout what is not required by the Government—a precaution vigorously carried out during the Franco-Russian celebrations.

In France the war with Russia under Napoleon I., and afterwards the visit of Alexander I., against whom that war was waged, and afterwards Napoleon again, and again the Allies and Bourbons, and the Orleans, and the Republic, and Napoleon III. and Boulanger, were welcomed with equal enthusiasm, while in Russia, to-day Peter, to-morrow Catherine, the day after, Paul, Alexander, Constantine, Nicholas, the Duke of Lichtenberg, our brother Slavs, the King of Prussia, and the French sailors, and everyone the Government wants to welcome, are welcomed with equal enthusiasm. Exactly the same thing happens in England, America, Germany, and Italy.

What is called patriotism in our day is merely, on one side, a certain attitude of mind, continually being excited and kept up by the schools, the Church, and a venal press, for the purposes of the Government; on the other side, a temporary excitement in the classes of the

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lowest moral and intellectual level, aroused by exceptional measures, and afterwards given out as the permanent expression of the will of the whole people. The patriotism of oppressed nationalities is no exception; it is just as little natural to the working classes, and is fostered in them by the upper classes.

XIII.

“**B**UT if the working people do not feel the sentiment of patriotism, it is due to the fact that they have not yet grown up to the level of that lofty sentiment which is characteristic of every educated man. If they do not feel that lofty sentiment, it must be developed in them by education. That is just what the Government does.”

Persons of the ruling classes usually say this with such complete conviction that patriotism is a lofty sentiment, that simple persons of the working class who do not feel that sentiment consider themselves to blame for not feeling it, try to persuade themselves that they do feel it, or at least pretend to do so.

But what is this lofty sentiment which ought in the opinion of the ruling classes to be developed in the working people by education?

This sentiment, in its most precise definition, is nothing else than putting one's own state or people before every other state or people. . . . It may very well be that this feeling is very useful and desirable for Governments and for the unity of a State, but it is impossible not to see that it is not at all a lofty

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sentiment, but, on the contrary, a very stupid and very immoral one: stupid because, if every state is to think itself superior to all the others, it is obvious that they will all be wrong; and immoral because it inevitably inclines every man who feels it to endeavour to obtain advantages for his own state and nation to the detriment of other states and nations—an inclination directly opposed to the fundamental moral law acknowledged by all: not to do to others what we would not they should do unto us.

Patriotism may have been a virtue in the ancient world when it exacted from a man the service of the ideal of the fatherland, the highest attainable by man at that period. But how can patriotism be a virtue in our day when it requires from men, not the recognition of the equality and brotherhood of all men, but the recognition of one state and nationality as predominant over all the rest—which is directly opposed to the ideal of our religion and morality. Far from this sentiment being a virtue nowadays, it is an unmistakable vice; the sentiment—that is, patriotism in its true meaning—cannot even exist in our day because there are neither material nor moral grounds for it.

Patriotism might have a meaning in the ancient world when each nation, consisting more or less of the same race, professing one

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national religion and subject to the absolute power of its one deified sovereign, felt itself, as it were, an island in the midst of an ocean of barbarians, continually striving to submerge it. It is easy to understand that in such a position patriotism—that is, the desire to ward off the onslaughts of the barbarians who were not only ready to destroy the social order of a nation but threatened its citizens with plunder, murder, and captivity, with the enslaving of their men and outraging of their women—was a natural feeling; and it is easy to understand that, for the sake of preserving himself and his fellow-countrymen from such disasters, a man might put his own people before all others, and might entertain a hostile feeling for the barbarians surrounding him, and might kill them to defend his own people.

But what significance can this sentiment have in our Christian era? On what grounds and for what object can a Russian of our day go and kill Frenchmen and Germans, or can a Frenchman kill Germans, when he knows perfectly well, however ill-educated he may be, that the men of the other state and nation against which his patriotic hostility is aroused are not barbarians, but are exactly the same sort of people—Christians, as he is, often indeed of precisely the same creed; that they, like himself, desire nothing but peace and the peaceful exchange of the products of their labour, and are, more-

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over, for the most part connected with him either by the interests of common labour and trade, or by spiritual interests, or by both together. So that very often the men of one state are nearer and more essential to the men of another state than their own countrymen, as is the case with workmen connected with employers of other nationalities, with commercial people, and above all with learned men and artists.

Moreover, the very conditions of life have so changed now that what we call our country, what we are supposed to distinguish in some way from everything else, has ceased to be clearly defined, as it was among the ancients where the men making up one nation belonged to one race, one state, and one religion. It is easy to understand the patriotism of the Egyptian, of the Jew, of the Greek, who in defending their fatherland were defending at once their religion and their nationality, and their native land and their state.

But in what form is the patriotism of an Irishman to be expressed in our day when he lives in the United States, and belongs through his religion to Rome, through his nationality to Ireland, and through his political position to the United States? This is the position of the Czech in Austria, of the Pole in Russia, Prussia, and Austria, of the Hindu in the British Empire, of the Tartar and the Armenian in Russia and

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Turkey. But apart from men of these several subject nationalities, the men of the most homogeneous states, such as Russia, France, and Prussia, cannot feel the sentiment of patriotism peculiar to the ancient world because very often all the chief interests of their lives (sometimes domestic, when a man's wife is of another nation; sometimes economic, when his capital is invested abroad; sometimes spiritual, scientific, or artistic) are not in their own country, but outside it, in the state against which their patriotic hatred is excited.

Above all, patriotism is impossible nowadays, because however we may have tried during eighteen hundred years to conceal the meaning of Christianity, it has nevertheless permeated into our life, and so far guides it that even the coarsest and most stupid people cannot help seeing now the complete incompatibility of patriotism with the moral principles by which they live.

XIV.

PATRIOTISM was necessary to unite different nationalities into one state and to make states strong for defence against barbarians, but since the light of Christianity has inwardly transformed all these states alike, giving them the same fundamental principles, patriotism has become, not merely superfluous, but the one obstacle to that unity between nations for which they are prepared by their Christian faith.

Patriotism in our day is a cruel legacy from a past age which persists only through inertia and because the Governments and ruling classes, feeling that their power and their very existence is bound up with this patriotism, strenuously excite and maintain it in their peoples both by violence and by cunning. Patriotism in our day may be compared with scaffolding which has been needed for the construction of the walls of a building, and which, although it now only interferes with the usefulness of the building, is not removed because its presence is profitable to some people.

There have not been for many years, and cannot be, grounds for quarrelling between

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Christian peoples. It is impossible even to imagine how and why Russian and German workmen working peaceably together on their frontiers and in their cities should begin quarrelling among themselves, and it is even less possible to conceive of hostility between a peasant of Kazan who sends corn to a German and the German who sends him scythes and machinery. It is the same with French, German, and Italian workmen. As for quarrelling between men of science, artists, and writers of different nationalities, whose only interests are common to them all and independent of nationality and politics, it is absurd to speak of it.

But the Governments cannot leave the peoples in peace—that is, in peaceful relations with each other; for the making of peace between nations, the settling of their hostile relations, is, if not the sole, at least the chief justification of the existence of Governments. And so the Governments provoke hostile relations under a show of patriotism, and then make a show of maintaining peace between the nations. It is like the gipsy who, after sprinkling pepper under his horse's tail and lashing him in the stalls, leads him out, hanging on the bridle and pretending that he can hardly hold in the fiery steed.

We are assured that the Governments are anxious for the preservation of peace between

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the peoples. How do they set about preserving the peace?

Men were living on the banks of the Rhine peaceably associating together—and all at once, in consequence of quarrels and intrigues between Kings and Emperors, war is begun, and it seems fitting to the Government of France to declare that some of these people are Frenchmen. Long years pass; people have grown used to the position: again a feud begins between the Governments of the great nations, and on the most trivial excuse war is declared, and it seems fitting to the Germans to claim these same men again as Germans, and in all Frenchmen and Germans ill-will against each other is kindled.

All Germans are living peaceably with Russians on their frontier, peaceably exchanging services and the products of their labour, and all at once the very institutions which exist ostensibly for maintaining peace among the nations, begin quarrelling, doing one silly thing after another, and can think of nothing better than, like little children, punishing themselves if they can only get their own way and mortify their opponents (which in this case suits them very well, as those who get up a tariff war are not those who individually suffer from it). The tariff war waged not long ago between Russia and Germany is an example in point. And with the help of the

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newspapers a feeling of ill-will has been kindled between the Germans and the Russians, which is fanned by the Franco-Russian celebrations and may at any minute lead to a bloody war.

I have quoted these last two examples of the influence of Government on a people in exciting hostility to other peoples because they are modern instances. But in all history there has never been a single war which has not been provoked by Governments, by Governments alone, quite apart from the interests of the peoples to whom war, even a successful war, is always harmful.

The Governments assure their peoples that they are in danger from the attacks of other nations and from sedition-mongers at home, and that the sole means of securing themselves from these dangers lies in slavish submission to the Government. This is perfectly obvious during revolutions and dictatorships, and it always happens where there is arbitrary power. Every Government explains its existence and justifies all its acts of violence by the argument that, if it were not there, things would be worse. By persuading the people that they are in danger, the Government succeeds in dominating them. When the peoples are dominated by their Governments, the Governments force them to attack each other. And in that way the assurances of the

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Governments in regard to the danger of attack from other nations are confirmed in the minds of their peoples.

Divide et impera.

Patriotism in its simplest, clearest, and most unmistakable significance is for the governing nothing but a weapon for the attainment of aggressive and mercenary aims, and for the governed is the denial of human dignity, common sense and conscience, and slavish subjection to those who are in authority. This is what is preached wherever patriotism is preached.

Patriotism is slavery.

The advocates of peace by means of arbitration argue in this way: two animals cannot divide their prey except by fighting, and children, barbarians, and barbarous nations do the same. But rational men settle their differences by discussion and persuasion, and by referring decision of the question to disinterested third persons. This is how the nations of our day ought to act.

These arguments seem perfectly correct. The peoples of our day have reached the stage of rational development; they have no hostility to one another and could settle their difficulties in a peaceful way. But this argument is true only as regards the peoples, the peoples alone, if they were not under the sway of their Governments. Peoples in subjection to their

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Governments cannot be rational, for subjection to a Government is a sign of the greatest irrationality.

What is the use of talking of the rationality of men who have promised beforehand to carry out every command (including the murder of other men) given them by their Government—that is, by certain men who have by chance got into the position of governing them?

Men who can take such an oath of unquestioning obedience to every order given them by men they do not know from Petersburg, Vienna, or Paris cannot be rational; and the Governments—that is, the men who possess such power—can still less be rational, and cannot but make a bad use of it, cannot but be demented by such insanely terrible power. For this reason peace between nations cannot be attained in a rational way by conventions and arbitrations, so long as the subjection of the peoples to their Governments, which is always irrational and is always pernicious, still continues.

The subjection of men to Government will always exist as long as there is patriotism, for every ruling power rests on patriotism—that is, on the readiness of men to submit to it for the sake of defending their own people and country—that is, their state—from the dangers supposed to threaten it.

The powers of the French Kings over their

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people before the Revolution rested on this patriotism; and the power of the Committee of Public Security after the Revolution rested on this patriotism. Napoleon (both as Consul and as Emperor) rose to power upon this patriotism; and on the overthrow of Napoleon the power of the Bourbons and then of the Republic, and then of Louis Philippe, and again of the Republic, and again of Bonaparte, and again of the Republic, were established on this patriotism, and the power of Monsieur Boulanger was very nearly established on this patriotism, too.

It is a terrible thing to say, but there is not, and there never has been, a combined act of violence by one set of people upon another set of people which has not been perpetrated in the name of patriotism. In the name of patriotism the Russians have waged war on the French and the French on the Russians. And in the name, too, of patriotism the Russians are now preparing with the French to make war on the Germans, and in the name of patriotism the Germans are preparing now to wage war on two fronts. But it is not only war—in the name of patriotism the Russians oppress the Poles and the Germans the Slavs; in the name of patriotism the Communards slaughtered the Versaillistes and the Versaillistes slaughtered the Communards.

XV.

ONE would have thought that through the diffusion of education, improved means of transit and increased communication between the men of different nations, through the diffusion of the Press, and above all through the complete removal of danger from other nations, the deception of patriotism ought to become more and more difficult and in the end impossible to keep up.

But the fact is that those very means of general superficial education, increased facilities for transit and communication, and above all of the Press, captured—and more and more so as time goes on—by the Governments, give them now such opportunity for exciting in the nations hostile feelings towards one another, that while the uselessness of patriotism becomes more obvious and its power for evil becomes greater, the influence of Governments and ruling classes in exciting patriotism becomes stronger.

The difference between the past and the present is only that, as now a far larger number of people participate in the advantages which patriotism secures to the upper classes, a far

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larger number of people take part in spreading and keeping up this amazing superstition.

The more difficult it is for the Government to maintain its power, the greater the number of people with whom the Government shares it.

In old days a little group of rulers were all-powerful: Emperors, Kings, Grand Dukes, their Ministers, and Generals. Nowadays not only officials and the clergy, but also capitalists, big and small, and landowners, and bankers, and members of the legal profession, and teachers, and rural functionaries, and learned men, and even artists, and especially journalists, participate in this power and the advantages derived from it. And all these persons consciously and unconsciously spread the deception of patriotism, indispensable for the maintenance of their profitable position. And owing to the fact that the means for deception have become far more powerful, and that a larger number of people now take part in it, it is carried out so successfully that, in spite of the greater difficulty in deceiving them, the people are as much deceived as ever.

A hundred years ago the illiterate masses, having no notion of whom their Government consisted and what the nations surrounding them were like, blindly obeyed the local officials and noblemen whose slaves they happened to be. And it was sufficient for the Government

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to keep those officials and noblemen under its control by means of bribes and rewards, for the masses to perform obediently whatever was demanded of them. Nowadays, when the masses can for the most part read and know more or less of whom their Government consists, and what the nations surrounding them are like; when men of the working class are constantly and easily moving from place to place, carrying with them news of what has been done in the world—it is no longer sufficient for Governments simply to insist on their commands being carried out. They must also obscure those just ideas which the working masses have of life, and instil into them alien conceptions of the conditions of their lives and the attitude of other nations to them.

And thanks to the wide diffusion of the Press and education, and the facilities of communication, the Governments, having their agents everywhere, through public decrees, through the teaching of the Church, through schools, and through newspapers, instil into the people the wildest and most pernicious ideas of their interests, of the mutual relations of nations, of the characteristics and designs of other nations. And the working people, so crushed by labour that they have neither time nor opportunity of grasping the significance and testing the justice of the ideas instilled into them and the demands made upon them in

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the name of their welfare, submit without a murmur.

Those of the working class who have freed themselves from excessive labour and acquired education, and so might, it would seem, understand the deception practised upon them, are exposed to so intense an onslaught of menaces, bribes, and hypnotizing by the Government, that almost without exception they pass over at once to the side of the Government, and, obtaining advantageous and well-paid jobs as teachers, priests, officers, and Government clerks, begin to take a share in spreading the deception which ruins their brothers. It is as though at the doors of education there were snares into which all those, who by one means or another escape from the mass of working men swallowed up by toil, are inevitably caught.

At first when one realizes all the cruelty of this deception, one cannot help being moved to indignation against those who for the sake of their personal mercenary interests and vanity bring about this cruel deception that destroys not only men's bodies but also their souls, and one longs to expose these cruel deceivers. But the fact is that those who deceive act in this way, not because they want to deceive, but because they can hardly act otherwise. And they act not with Machiavellian wickedness, not with consciousness of the evil they are doing, but for the most part with the naïve conviction

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that they are doing something good and elevated—a conviction in which they are constantly supported by the sympathy and approval of all around them. It is true that they are unconsciously drawn to this deception by a vague feeling that their power and advantageous position rest upon it; they do not act because they want to deceive the people, but because they think that the work they do is a benefit to the people.

In the same way Emperors, Kings, and their Ministers, going through their coronations, their manœuvres, their reviews, their visits to one another, during which, dressed up in different uniforms and moving from place to place, they take counsel together with grave faces how to keep the peace between enemy peoples (into whose heads it would never enter to make war on each other), are fully convinced that all they are doing is very sensible and useful work.

In precisely the same way all the Ministers, diplomats, and officials of all sorts, dressing themselves up in their uniforms with all kinds of little ribbons and crosses, and anxiously writing on fine paper, all carefully docketed, their obscure, involved, useless communications, reports, instructions, and programmes, are fully convinced that but for this activity of theirs the whole life of the people would stand still or be upset. In the same way, too, the

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military officers, dressed up in their ludicrous costumes, seriously discussing with what guns and cannons they can best kill people, are fully convinced that their manœuvres and reviews are of the greatest importance to the people.

The priests who preach patriotism, the journalists and writers of patriotic poems and school books, who get liberal remuneration for it, have the same conviction. And those who get up celebrations like the recent Franco-Russian ones, and are genuinely moved as they utter their patriotic speeches and toasts, have no doubt of it either. All these people do what they do unconsciously, because it is essential for them, or because they can do nothing else, since their whole life is built on this deception; and meanwhile these very actions call forth the sympathy and approval of all the people in the midst of whom they are performed. It is not merely that, being all connected together, they justify and approve the actions and doings of one another—Emperors and Kings of the doings of army officers, officials, and the clergy; and army officers, officials, and the clergy of the doings of Emperors and Kings: the crowd of simple people, especially the crowd of the town, seeing no sense intelligible to them in what is done by all these people, unconsciously ascribe a peculiar, almost supernatural significance to it. The crowd see, for instance, that triumphal arches are erected, that men are

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dressed up in crowns, uniforms, and vestments, that fireworks are sent up, that cannons are fired, that bells are rung, that regiments march by with bands, that papers and telegrams fly about, that couriers race from place to place, and that men in strange attire incessantly ride backwards and forwards with anxious faces, say something, write something, and so on; and the crowd, not being in a position to ascertain that all this is being done without the slightest necessity (as it is in reality), ascribe a peculiar, mysterious, and important significance to it all, and meet all these manifestations with shouts of delight or silent respect. And meanwhile, such expressions, sometimes of the delight, and always of the respect, of the mob, still further confirm the confidence of the men who are doing all these silly things.

XVI.

THE power of Governments over the peoples has for many years now rested not upon force, as it did in the days when one nationality oppressed another and kept it in subjection by force of arms, or when the rulers in the midst of an unarmed people had masses of armed janissaries or special body-guards. The power of Governments has for very many years now rested only on what is called public opinion.

There exists a public opinion that patriotism is a great moral sentiment, and that it is good and fitting to regard your own nation, your own state, as the best in the world; and this naturally leads to the public opinion that it is good and fitting to acknowledge and obey the authority of Governments, that it is good and fitting to serve in the army and submit to discipline, that it is good and fitting to give one's savings to the Government in the form of taxes, that it is good and fitting to submit to the decisions of judges, that it is good and fitting to believe without inquiry what is given out by members of the Government as divine truth.

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And once this public opinion exists, then there is firmly established a mighty power controlling in our day milliards of money, the organized mechanism of administration, the posts, the telegraphs, the telephones, disciplined troops, the law courts, the police, a submissive clergy, the schools, and the Press; and this power supports in the peoples the public opinion necessary for its maintenance.

The power of Governments rests on public opinion; possessing power, the Governments, by means of all their organization, officials, law courts, schools, churches, and even the Press, can always maintain the public opinion which is necessary to it. Public opinion produces power; power produces public opinion: and it seems as though there is no way out from this vicious circle.

And there really would not be, if public opinion were something continuous and unchanging, and if Governments could always produce the public opinion necessary to them.

But fortunately this is not the case, and in the first place, public opinion is not something continuous, unchanging, and stagnant, but, on the contrary, something continually changing and moving with the movement of humanity. And, in the second place, public opinion cannot be produced at their desire by Governments, but is what produces Governments and gives them their power or takes it from them.

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Even though it may seem that public opinion remains stationary and is just the same to-day as it was decades ago, or that public opinion in regard to some particular cases fluctuates, as it were turning back on itself—so that, for instance, it destroys the republican Government, replacing it by monarchy, and again destroys the monarchy, replacing it by a republic—this only appears to be so when we look at the external manifestations of that public opinion which is artificially produced by Governments. But we have only to take public opinion in its relation to the whole life of the people, and we see that public opinion, like the time of the day or the year, never stands still, but is always moving, always going steadily forward along the road by which humanity is advancing, just as, in spite of delays and fluctuations, the spring goes steadily forward along the way on which the sun leads it. So that, although in its most external aspects the position of the peoples of Europe in our day is almost the same as it was fifty years ago, the attitude of the people to it is quite different from what it was fifty years ago. Though the same rulers, armies, wars, taxes, luxury and poverty, Catholicism, Orthodoxy, and Lutheranism, still exist as they did fifty years ago, yet in the past they all existed because the public opinion of the peoples demanded them; but now they all exist only because the

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Governments artificially keep up what was once a living public opinion.

If we often do not notice this movement of public opinion, just as we do not notice the movement of water in the river when we are swimming with the current, that is because those unnoticed changes of public opinion which make up its movement take place in ourselves, too.

The special quality of public opinion is continual and irresistible movement. If it seems to us that it stands still, that is because there are people all about us who have made themselves a profitable position, resting upon a particular stage of public opinion, and who therefore do their very utmost to maintain that stage, and to prevent the new real feeling, which, though not fully expressed, is already living in men's consciousness, from manifesting itself. And the people who maintain the outlived public opinion and conceal the new public opinion are always those who make up the Governments and governing classes, who preach patriotism as a necessary condition of human life.

The means which these people control are immense, but, since public opinion is something for ever fluid and growing, all their efforts cannot but be in vain: what is old decays, what is young grows.

The longer the expression of the new public opinion is checked, the greater it grows, and

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the stronger will be the expression of it. The Governments and the ruling classes do their very utmost to keep up the old public opinion of patriotism on which their power is established, and restrain the manifestations of the new public opinion which will destroy it. But to keep up what is old and to hold back what is new can only be done up to certain limits, just as it is only within certain limits that a dam can hold back flowing water.

In spite of the endeavours of the Governments to excite in the peoples the public opinion of the past in regard to the worth and glory of patriotism, a feeling no longer natural to them, the men of our day are already ceasing to believe in patriotism, and are beginning more and more to believe in the solidarity and brotherhood of nations. Patriotism no longer offers to men anything but a fearful future; while the brotherhood of the nations is the ideal which is becoming more and more intelligible and desirable for humanity. And so the transition from the outlived public opinion of the past to the new public opinion must inevitably come to pass. This transition is as inevitable as the fall in spring of the last dead leaves and the opening of the young ones from the swollen buds.

And the longer this transition is dragged out, the more persistent it becomes and the more obvious its necessity.

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Indeed, one has only to think what we profess both as Christians and simply as men of our age, to think of the moral principles by which we are guided in our social, family, and personal life, and then of the position in which, in the name of patriotism, we have put ourselves, to realize the extreme contradiction which we have reached between our conscience and that which through the concentrated efforts of the Government is considered as public opinion amongst us. One has but to reflect on the most ordinary requirements of patriotism, which are presented to us as something quite simple and natural, in order to realize how completely contradictory these requirements are of the real public opinion which we all share. We all consider ourselves free, educated, humane men and even Christians; and yet we all find ourselves in such a position that, if Mr. N. N. writes a spirited article on the Eastern question, or Prince So-and-so plunders some Bulgarians or Serbians, or some Queen or Empress takes offence at something, all of us educated, humane Christians must go and murder men whom we do not know and for whom we have only friendly feelings, as we have for all men. For the fact that this has not yet happened we are indebted, so we are assured, to Alexander III.'s love of peace or his son Nicholas's marriage with the granddaughter of Victoria. And if someone else comes in

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Alexander's place, or if Alexander himself changes his mind, or if Nicholas marries Amelia instead of Alice, we shall rush to tear out each other's entrails like bloodthirsty wild beasts. Such is the supposed public opinion of our day. Such propositions are calmly repeated in all the most advanced and liberal organs of the Press.

. If we, Christians for a thousand years, still refrain from cutting each other's throats, it is only because Alexander III. does not permit us to do it. But that is awful!

XVII.

TO bring about the greatest and most important changes in the life of man there is no need of great exploits—of the arming of millions of troops, of the construction of new railroads and machines, of the organization of exhibitions and of trade unions, of revolutions, of barricades, of upheavals, of the invention of aerial navigation, and so on; all that is necessary is a change of public opinion. To bring about a change of public opinion no efforts of thought are needed, no suppression of something existing and invention of something new and extraordinary is needed; all that is needed is not to acquiesce in the false public opinion of the past, which is already dead, but artificially kept alive by Governments; all that is needed is that every individual man should say what he really thinks and feels, or at least should not say what he does not think. And if only men, if only a small number of men would do this, the outlived public opinion would drop away at once of itself, and the new living real public opinion would show itself. And when public opinion changes, all that inner fabric of men's lives

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which worries and torments them will change of itself with no effort. It is shameful to say how little is needed to set all men free from all the calamities which now oppress them; all that is needed is to give up lying. Only let men refuse to give in to the lie which is instilled into them, let them only not say what they do not think and what they do not feel, and at once there would be such a revolution in every stratum of our life as the revolutionists could not attain in centuries, even if all the power were in their hands.

If only men would believe that strength is not in force but in truth, and would boldly utter it, or at least would not depart from it in word and deed, would not say what they do not think, would not do what they consider wrong and stupid.

What is there of importance in shouting "Vive la France!" or "Hurrah!" to some Emperor, King, or conqueror; in putting on a court uniform and waiting for him at the entrance, in bowing and scraping, and calling him by strange titles, and then impressing upon all young and uneducated people that doing this is very praiseworthy? Or what is there of importance in writing an article in defence of the Franco-Russian Alliance, or of the tariff war, or in criticism of the Germans, the Russians, the French, or the English? Or what is there of importance in going to

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some patriotic function and drinking healths and making flattering speeches to people whom one does not like and with whom one has nothing in common? Or, indeed, what is there of importance in admitting in conversation the usefulness and value of treaties and alliances, or even of remaining silent when one's own nation and state is praised and other nationalities are abused and slandered; or when Catholicism, Orthodoxy, Lutheranism, or some ruler or hero of war, such as Napoleon, or Peter, or in our own day Boulanger or Skobelev, is praised up to the skies?

All this seems to be of so little consequence. And yet in these actions that seem to us of little consequence—in our refraining from taking part in them, in our pointing out to the limit of our powers the unreasonableness of what we see clearly to be unreasonable—in this lies our great irresistible power, that power out of which is formed that invincible force which makes up the real living public opinion, that opinion which, moving of itself, moves all humanity. Governments know this and tremble before that force, and with all the means at their disposal try to resist it or gain possession of it.

They know that strength lies not in force but in thought and the clear expression of it, and therefore they fear the expression of independent thought more than an army; they

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establish a censorship, they bribe the newspapers, they seize the control of religion in the schools. But the spiritual force which moves the world slips away from them; it is not in books, indeed, nor in newspapers: it is always free and cannot be taken captive; it lies in the depths of men's consciousness. This most powerful and unfettered free force is that which is manifest in the soul of man, when alone he thinks over the phenomena of the world, and afterwards cannot help uttering his thoughts to his wife, his brother, his friend, to all the men with whom he is in contact and from whom he thinks it a sin to hide what he considers the truth. No milliards of roubles, no millions of troops, no institutions, nor wars, nor revolutions, can do what can be done by the simple expression by a free man of what he considers right apart from what exists and from what is impressed upon him.

One free man says truthfully what he thinks and feels in the midst of thousands of men who by their words and actions are maintaining the exact opposite. It might be supposed that the man who has spoken out his thoughts sincerely would remain a solitary figure, and yet what more often happens is that all the others, or a large proportion of them, have for long past been thinking and feeling exactly the same, only they do not say so freely. And what was yesterday the new

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opinion of one man, becomes to-day the public opinion of the majority. And as soon as this opinion becomes established, at once, gradually, imperceptibly, but irresistibly, men begin to alter their conduct. But the free man often says to himself: "What can I do against this whole sea of wickedness and deception which engulfs us? What use is it to express my opinion? What use is it even to formulate it? Better not to think of these obscure and tangled questions. Perhaps these contradictions are the inevitable condition of all the phenomena of life. And what is the use of my struggling alone with all the evil of the world? Is it not better to give in to the current which carries me along? If anything can be done, it is not by one alone, but only in association with other men." And abandoning the mighty weapon of thought and the expression of it, which moves the world, every man takes up the weapon of social activity, regardless of the fact that every form of social activity is based on those very principles with which it is laid upon him to struggle; regardless of the fact that when he enters on the social activities existing in the midst of our world, every man is bound at least to some extent to depart from the truth, and to make concessions by which he destroys the whole force of the mighty weapon which has been given him. It is as though a man, into whose hands a sword of extraordinarily

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keen edge which will cut through anything has been put, should use the blade to knock in nails.

We all lament the senseless order of life which runs counter to our whole nature, yet instead of making use of the one almighty weapon that is at our disposal—the recognition of the truth and the open expression of it—under the pretence of wrestling against evil we actually destroy this weapon and sacrifice it to an imaginary conflict with the existing régime.

One does not speak the truth he knows because he feels that he has a duty to the people with whom he is connected; another—because the truth might deprive him of the profitable position by means of which he supports his family; a third—because he wants to attain fame and power and then to use them for the service of men; a fourth—because he does not want to outrage the old sacred traditions; a fifth—because he does not wish to offend people; a sixth—because the utterance of the truth will provoke persecution, and prevent the beneficent social activity to which he is devoting himself or intends to devote himself.

One man serves as an Emperor, as a King, as a Minister, as a Government official, or as an army officer, and persuades himself and others that the deviation from the truth which is inevitable

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in his position is more than made up for by the good he does. Another man performs the duties of a spiritual pastor, though at the bottom of his heart he does not believe all that he teaches, but he allows himself a deviation from the truth in consideration of all that he does. A third gives instruction in literature, and in spite of the suppression of the truth that is inevitable, that he may not stir up the Government and society against him, has no doubt of his usefulness. A fourth openly struggles with the existing order as a revolutionary or as an anarchist, and is fully persuaded that the object he is pursuing is so beneficial that the suppression of truth, and even lying, essential for the success of his efforts, does not destroy the usefulness of his work.

That the order of life opposed to the conscience of men should change and be replaced by one that is in accord with it, it is necessary that the public opinion of the past should be replaced by new and living opinion.

For the old outlived public opinion to make way for that which is new and living, it is necessary that men who recognize the new requirements of life should speak of them openly. Yet the men who recognize these new requirements—one for the sake of one thing, another for the sake of something else—not merely refrain from speaking openly of them, but in word and deed maintain what is

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in direct opposition to these requirements. Only the truth and the free expression of it can establish that new public opinion which will change the out-of-date and pernicious order of life; and yet, far from freely speaking the truth, we know we often even directly state what we regard as false.

If only free men would not rely on that which has not strength and is never free—on external power, but would believe in what is always powerful and free—in truth and the expression of it. If only men would boldly and clearly speak out the truth that has already been revealed to them of the brotherhood of all nations and the criminality of exclusive devotion to one's own nation, the dead false public opinion upon which all the power of Governments and all the evil produced by them rests would drop off of itself like dried skin, and make way for the new living public opinion which only waits that dropping off of the old husk that has confined it in order to assert its claims openly and with authority, and to establish new forms of life that are in harmony with the consciences of men.

XVIII.

MEN have only to understand that what is given out to them for public opinion, what is maintained by complicated, strenuous, and artificial means, is not public opinion, but only the dead relic of public opinion that once existed; above all, they have but to believe in themselves, in the fact that what is recognized by them in the depths of their souls, that what craves expression in everyone and is not freely uttered only because it runs counter to the existing social opinion, is the force which will change the world, and that to manifest that force is man's true vocation; men have but to believe that the truth is not what is said by men about them, but what a man's conscience, that is God, tells him — and the false, artificially maintained public opinion will vanish instantaneously and the true opinion will be established.

If only men would say what they think, and not say what they do not think, all the superstitions that come from patriotism, and all the evil feelings and acts of violence that are based upon it, would drop away at once. There would be an end of the hatred fanned by Govern-

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ments and the hostility of state against state and nationality against nationality; there would be an end to the glorification of heroic deeds in war—that is, of murder; above all, there would be an end to the respect for those in power, the toll paid them of men's labour and obedience to them, for all of which there is no basis but patriotism.

And if only this were done, instantly the vast mass of weak people, always guided by outside influences, would roll over to the side of the new public opinion. And the new public opinion would be predominant in place of the old.

The Governments may control the schools, the Church, the Press, milliards of roubles, and millions of disciplined men transformed into machines—all that seemingly terrible organization of brute force is nothing before the recognition of the truth awakening in the soul of one man who knows the force of truth, and by him handed on to another and a third, as one candle lights an infinite number of others. One has but to light that candle and all that seemingly so mighty organization drops to pieces and melts away like wax before the fire.

If only men would understand the terrible power that is given them in the word that is the expression of truth. If only men would not sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. If only men would use this power of theirs, their rulers,

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far from daring, as now, to menace men with universal slaughter into which they will plunge men or not plunge them at their caprice, would not even dare to hold their reviews or manœuvres of disciplined murderers before the eyes of peaceful inhabitants; would not dare for their own interests, for the profit of their supporters, to make and unmake tariff agreements; would not dare to take from the people the millions of roubles which they distribute to their supporters and spend on preparations for murder.

And so the change is not only possible, but it is impossible that it should not come about—just as impossible as that a dead tree should not decay and fall, and that a young one should not grow up.

“Peace I leave to you, My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid,” said Christ. And that peace is already amongst us, and it depends upon us to secure it.

If only the hearts of individual men would not be confounded by the temptations which assail them every hour, and would not be frightened by the imaginary terrors which scare them. If only men would know in what lies their almighty conquering power, the peace which men everywhere desire—not that peace which is won by diplomatic negotiations, by the visits of Emperors and Kings from one town to

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another, by banquets, speeches, fortresses, cannons, dynamite, and melinite, by exhausting the people by taxation and tearing away the flower of the population from labour and corrupting it—but that peace which is secured by the free advocacy of the truth by each individual man, would have been established among us long ago.

Moscow,

March 17, 1894.

